youth MAGAZINE

ART
FICTION
PHOTOGRAPHY
POETRY

youth magazine

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BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND: YOU!

You're back—and better than ever—in our annual Creative Arts Awards issue! In this special issue, we feature the best prose, poetry, photography and artwork submitted in 1978 to our Creative Arts Awards contest. All of this original creative work is done by you, our readers, and we thank you for the insights about your thoughts, feelings and perceptions it provides for us.

The 52 winners spotlighted here were chosen from the several thousand entries we received from all over the country this year. They represent the best of what we get from you; they also represent hours of careful selection from the many fine efforts entered in the contest. If you're a winner, congratulations! If your entries were not among the winning ones, please don't be discouraged! Competition is stiff, considering the large number of entries in the contest. We're counting on you to submit more of your work next year!

We hope that our choices reflect the intelligence, feeling and ability which are obvious in your work. In a way, this December issue of YOUTH is a gift from you to you—quite appropriate in this season of giving. All of us here at YOUTH Magazine will try to give as sincerely of ourselves all year long in YOUTH as you have in the creative work you submitted to us. Once again, thanks for being you!

—THE EDITORS

THE CASTLE
PEN AND INK
CARY L. GETCHELL

ONT COVER
GHT MOVES
ENCIL
HERE' EVON SCHAEFFER

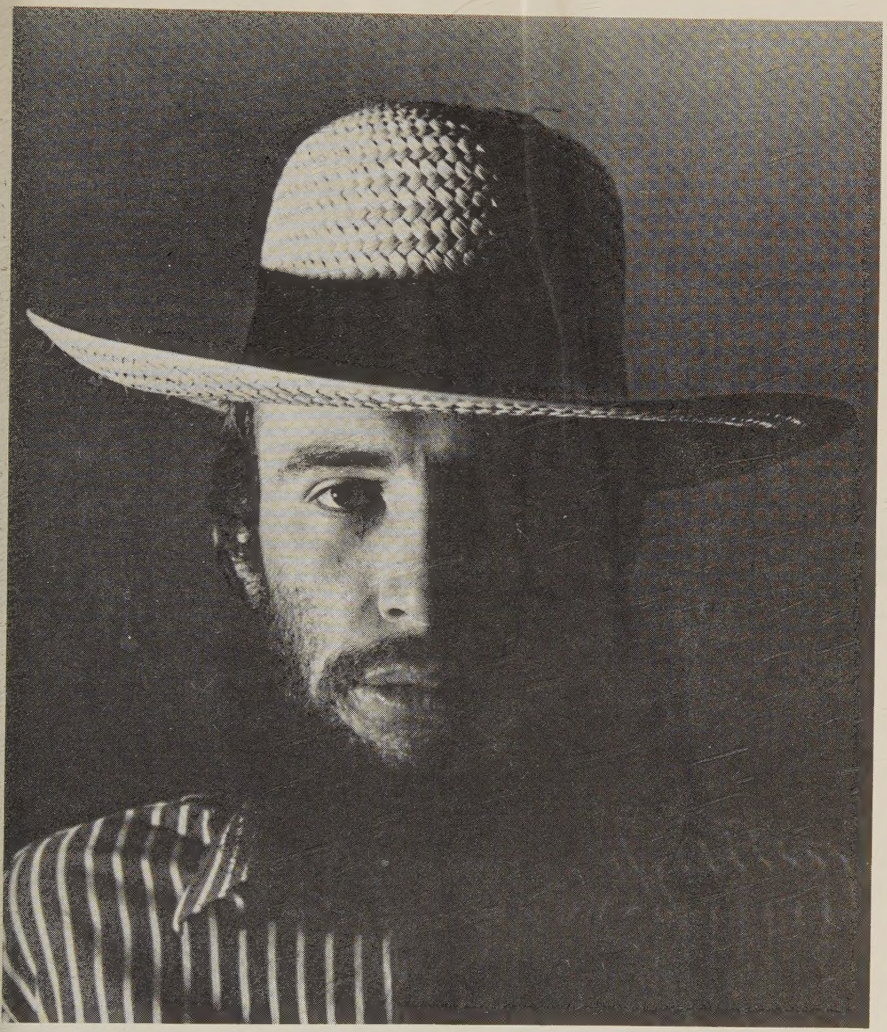
THE EYES HAVE IT
YA-SYN LEE

Hazel peeks
Green glimpses
Blue sights
Gray winks
Brown.

Trust salutes,
Intelligence sparkles,
Laughter crinkles,
Surprise widens,
Nervousness flutters,
Anger glowers,
Sadness flows,
Boredom glazes,
Weariness sinks shut.

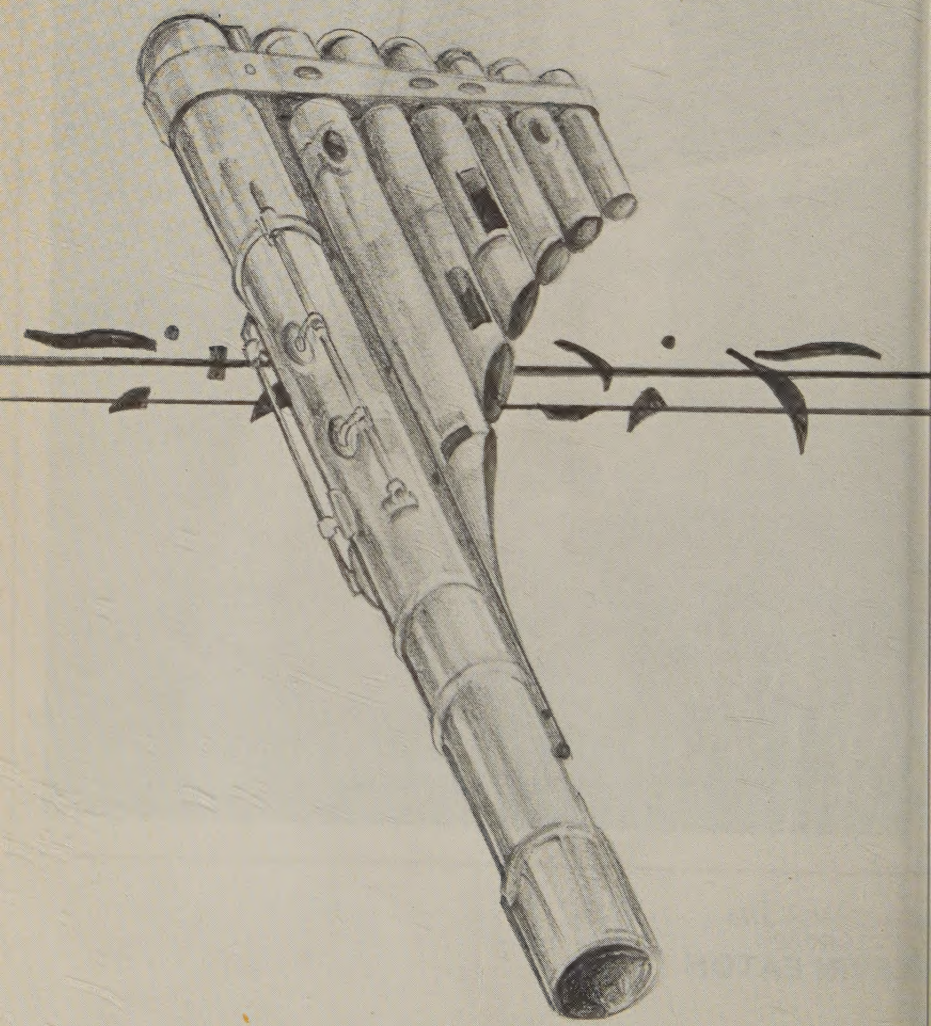
Draw my lids.
Look through my eyes
And see my soul.

Before I blink.



BROTHER JIM
PHOTOGRAPH
KEVIN EATON

THE PIPES OF PA
PENCIL
MARTY YOHN



UNTITLED
RUTH HUNTER

A veil of silver
touches gentle crocuses;
A morning shower

MARKET DAY
SARA FORDEN

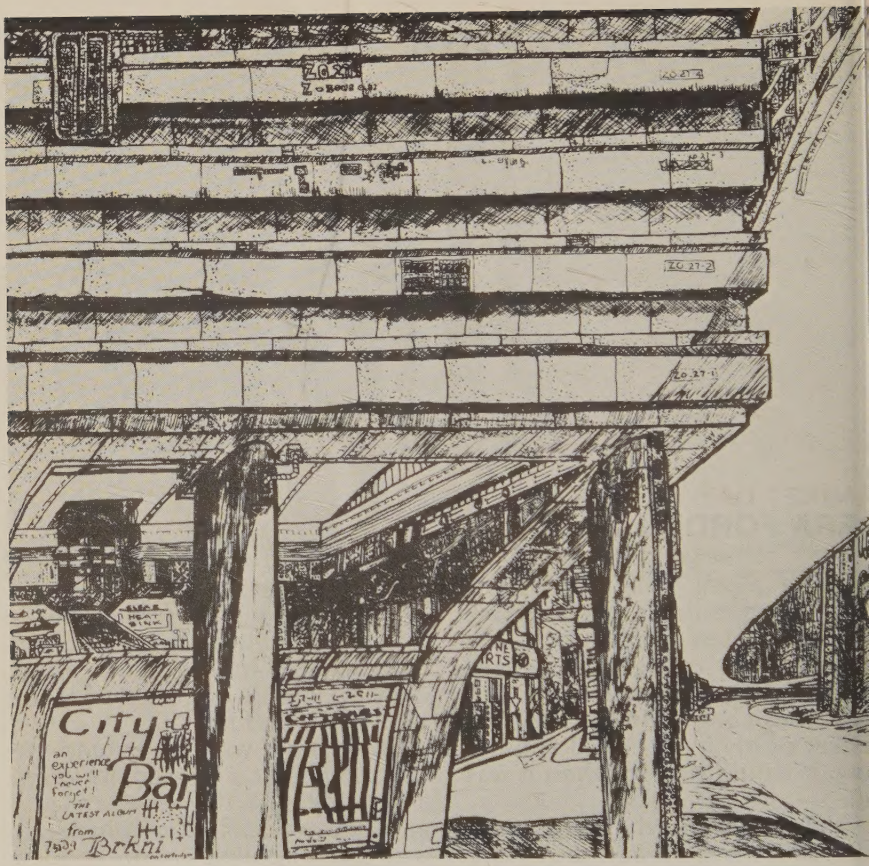
kipping along Calle Altavista, I ied to remember everything my nother wanted me to get at the ercado: six oranges, a papaya nd . . . oh yes, a pineapple. The ylon mesh bag hung out the back ocket of my jeans. Small enough ow, it would stretch when it was ull.

Shadows danced across the dewalk, leaves silhouetted by the un. Huge trees lined both sides of ne street and I almost tripped here roots had lifted the con-rete. Old stone houses posed ehind high walls that were crest-d with jagged glass and broken ottles. When we first moved to Mexico City two years ago, the first hing I noticed was the walls. I was I and guessed people were orried others would break in.

I walked along now and the reeze felt good on my bare arms. My embroidered peasant shirt was comfortable and still smelled faintly of soap. I always wore it to the market, but I looked like a *gringa* anyway. People often stared at my blond hair and fair skin.

The market was just around the next corner, so I crossed the street and made sure the money Mama gave me was still in my pocket. It was. Then I pulled out my beaded purse. Four pesos. Good—that was enough.

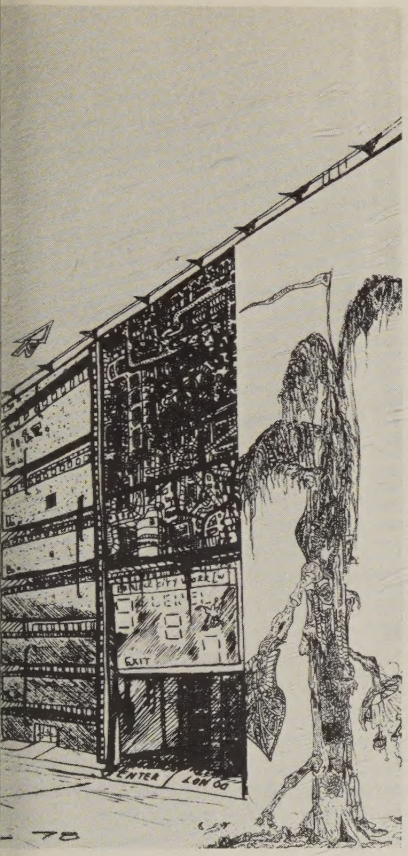
Saturday was always busiest at the mercado. Cars were double-parked already and all the stalls had been set up long since. Children were playing in the street and around the stalls. Dogs sniffed here and there, looking for food. The ice cream man was set up on one corner. The bells on his cart had a familiar jingle. He cried, "Helados, helados aqui!" compet-



JUNGLE WITH SUPERIMPOSED ELF SWAMP
PEN AND INK
BILL "SUBIL" HARDY

ing with the tamale man on the other side. Their calls mingled with the shouts of the children, the blaring horns and the voices of women arguing with the vendors.

The market took up a who block. It was really a huge roo with open sides so you could wa easily in and out. I went up a sic street and started at the back.



I had a system for market days. Here were the meat counters with their red displays. Strings of sausages hung down from hooks. A butcher wiped his hands on his apron, leaving a bloody smear. I walked on. The hot pepper man was smiling. The big jars of pickled peppers, carrots and onions looked pretty, but I had eaten a pepper once—my mouth burned, my eyes cried and my nose ran as if it would never stop.

The purse was a bulge in my pocket. I took it out and counted the coins again. They felt warm and smooth as I turned them over in my hand. Then I put them away and continued to where the fruits and vegetables were. The huge colorful pyramids rose from the center of the market. Apples and oranges were polished and stacked high on their crates. Pineapples, guavas and melons all seemed to have their places. I picked out six oranges and asked the little woman in the stall for a pineapple and a papaya. She smiled and handed them to me, huge, beautiful and ripe. Her long grey hair was braided with bright ribbons and looped over her shoulders. She wore an old black knitted shawl. Wrinkled but deft hands counted back the change. I smiled too and said, "Gracias." The bag was bulging now and I knew it would be awkward and heavy on the way home.

Towards the front of the building were the candy stalls, the piñatas hanging above them. The bright tissue-covered figures twirled in the breeze. I thought of the bull we had bought last Christmas. After stuffing it with candy and peanuts, the exciting part was waiting to see who would break it first.

There were jewelry stands and men selling leather purses. One table was displaying costumed dolls. I looked for the nail polish man. He was usually between the piñatas and the jewelry. There he was with the pile of miniature bottles. Blue, pink, orange, yellow, green, black and even silver sparkle. Last Saturday the man had let me try them on and I went home with a different color on every nail. I didn't buy any today—I was saving my money for someone else.

The best part of market was last, and now I headed out the front. He always sat crouched against the brick pillar near the entrance. His crossed legs were bony, his body bent and small. The worn serape under him was faded and gray with dirt. When I had walked by that first day, he had raised his head. I saw empty eyes. Cupped hands had reached out slowly as he spoke.

"Unos pesos para el pobre?"

Some pesos for the poor man? I had given him the rest of my allowance.

"Aqui tiene, señor."

He had answered, "Muchas gracias, chica, vaya con Dios." Thank you, girl, may God go with you.

I returned every Saturday after that. One day he told me his name was Manuel. He lived with his daughter on the edge of the city. Manuel waited for her at the market when she came in to look for work. One weekend he gave me a braided leather bracelet. I was wearing it now.

Clutching my purse, I walked down the front steps, then halfway around the side before I realized there was no one there. His space was empty. I ran around to the other side but there were only some dirty children playing marbles. A dog nudged my bag of fruit and I swung away angrily.

Running around to the back, I slipped on a piece of yellow squash and almost went crashing down. A dark-haired girl caught my arm as I slid. I thanked her quickly and tried to smile. He wasn't anywhere. People were crowding the sidewalks now, so I pushed my way through and crossed the street.

Maybe he was sick and there was no one to take care of him. What if he was starving somewhere? My ears hurt from all the noise as I headed home. My bag swung heavily as I switched arms.

Next Saturday I returned as usual. I bought some fresh bread and then walked out front. An old woman had taken Manuel's place. I didn't see him. She held up an old tin can as I walked by. A few coins rattled inside.

TIGER MINE
PHOTOGRAPH
BOB ZITLAU, JR.

TREES
LINOLEUM PRINT
TONY GHERGES

FADELESS CANADIAN TAN
HEATHER DICKSON

I

You should be in a canoe,
your toes feeling the smoothed bark,
finding the dampness trapped
beneath the paddle.
You should have—not a teepee—
but a sod wigwam to return to
after setting bent branch traps
and raking sun-parched berries from the hair
that would reach your elbows.
You never learned to braid.

II

You would have built your home
between the trees where your father left you,
wide enough for only you.
On legs leaving infancy, you stood,
gazing at his back until he was gone,
shaded by the foam of the falls.
You would not follow.

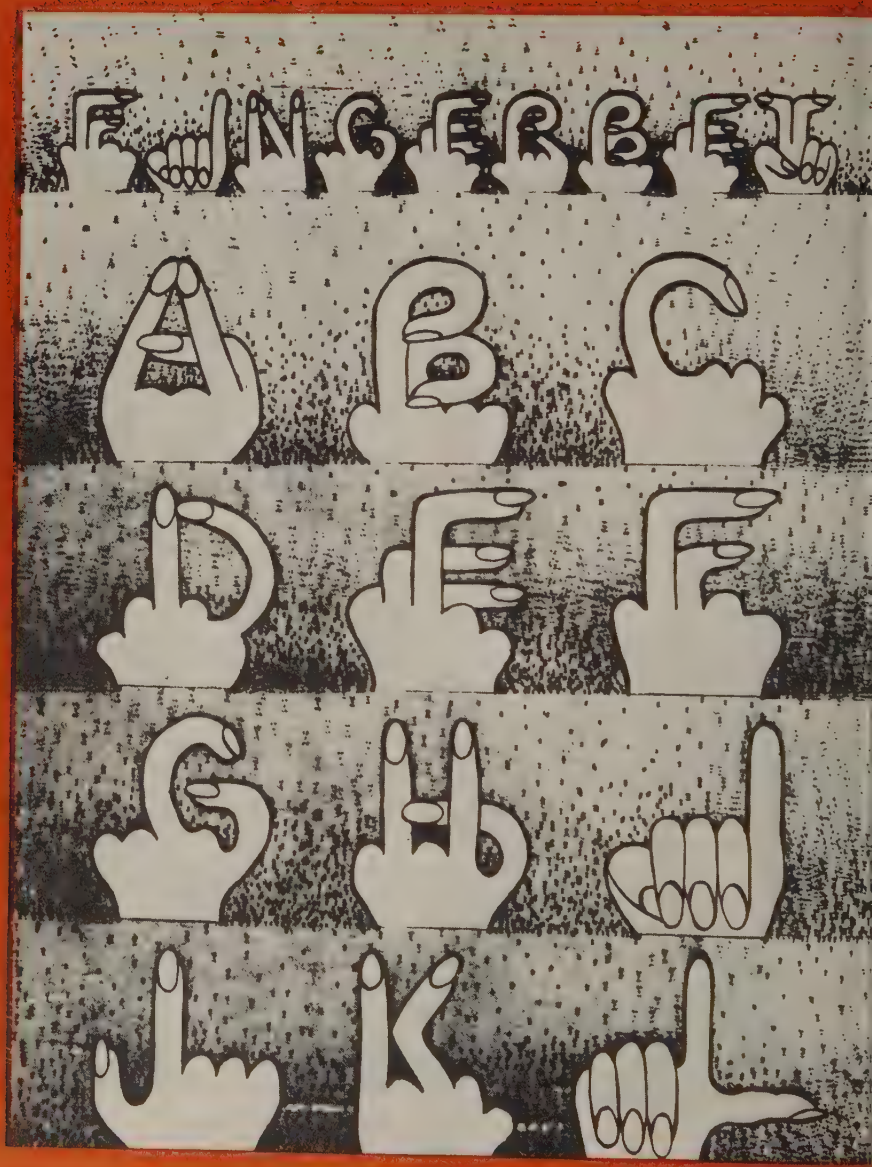
III

Your father gave you your silence
and the Chippewa words you have forgotten.
Your mother—your eyes, dark blue
as the lake you crawled toward,
sand embedding into the skin on your stomach.
Widened blue as the sand was washed from your body
by the hands of a man fishing trout.
Light blue in the reflection of the flourescent lights
that hang above you as you bag groceries.

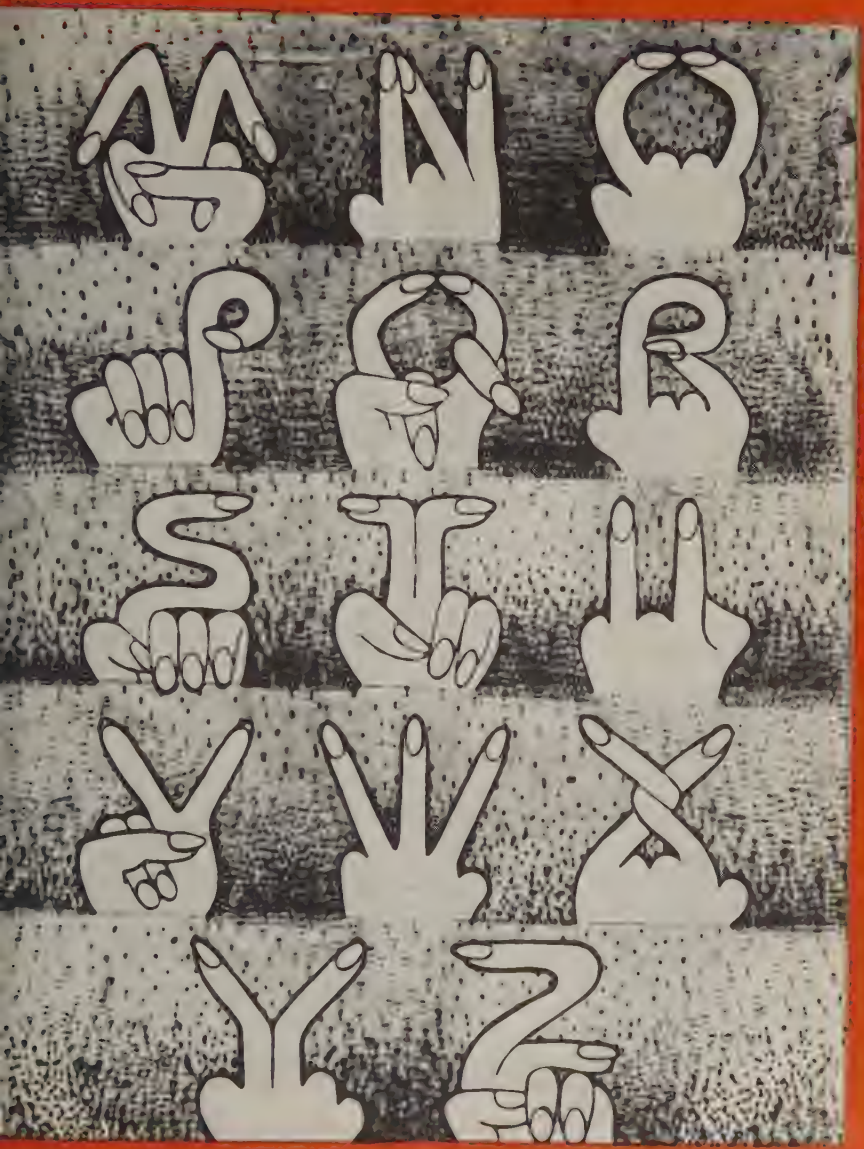
UNTITLED
DARLA TROUTMAN

The way of the nineties
was the way we were—
the way that left too soon—
when we'd shuffle our feet
to the tune and the beat
of the sky and the stars and the moon.
Past Tin Pan Alley
where the band played on,
toward the drums that began to play
to the driving beat
of World War I heat,
Broadway came to stay.
The jazz age rolled
and swung the twenties
with Louie and Duke on the rise,
'til famed Wall Street
took a crashing beat
and clouded the swinging skies.
Yet past the thirties
the Big Bands soared
with the New Deal and FDR,
but the happy trend
was Gone With The Wind
as World War II hit the Stars.
By 1950 the
Blues gave rise
to a shout of "change!" through the land,
with Elvis on show
and Go Johnny Go
up rose the rock 'n roll band.
The Beatles began
the long, winding road
to an open and free-er age,
with Monkees on tour
and Tom Jones next door,
U.S. stormed the musical stage.
The way of the seventies—
the way we are now—
beats our lives at a hectic pace—
with Rocky and Kiss
and hits like The Wiz
the nation is running a race.
From the way of the nineties
to the way of the seventies
to the way we'll be someday,
we'll get off our seat
to the beat of our feet
and hustle the decades away.

DRIVING IN
PHOTOGRAPHY
ANGELA FUNK



FINGERBET
PEN AND INK
LOUISE RUNTZ


MOTHER
SISTER

RINGS
PHOTOGRAPH
WILLIAM C. STEINROCK

THE MAGICIAN
DONNA SILVERMAN

As she lifted the pot lid, aromatic steam escaped, drawing her children from various rooms of the house. She smiled, unconsciously counting them around the table, to find, to her surprise, one missing. It was immediately obvious who it was.

"Eddie!" she yelled in no particular direction

From somewhere upstairs a muffled voice returned the holler, "I just have to make a phone call first."

He dialed with more than the usual amount of confidence of an 8-year-old and, shivering as a draft from the crack in the window invaded the room, waited patiently until the insistent ringing ceased.

"Pediatrics, please . . . Hello, my name's Ed Brevington and I'd like to speak to the head nurse, Miss Baker . . . oh, hi! . . . fine, thanks . . . I was thinkin' it's been awhile since my last show and maybe I'll come up on Christmas Day and do some more magical wonders! . . . no, really, I wanna do it . . . sure, Friday. How's one o'clock? . . . only one kid'll be there? That's okay. It's that one kid I want to come for, that one kid . . ."

Bonnie reached the top of the stairs in time to catch Ed changing a red scarf into a bouquet of flowers.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen that one before. Ya been holdin' out on me?" She laughed as she regarded her older brother.

"Naaa. I just decided to try out some new tricks for the show I'm doin' on Christmas Day."

"I didn't know you had a job for Christmas! Is it a party, or what?"

"No, nothing like that. I'm gonna go up to the hospital, the children's ward."

"Why?" she asked incredulously. "You know Ma's planning on making a big dinner and having Uncle Jimmy over and everything. She'll be furious!"

"No, sir! Besides, that couldn't take up the whole afternoon, right? Y'know, Nurse Baker told me that right now there's only one kid scheduled to be there Christmas Day."

"Why d'ya wanna waste your time on just one little kid?!"

"You don't understand, Bon. A whole bunch of kids would be less important to me than this one boy. He needs me, that kid, that one kid . . ."

"Well, hi there!" Ed was almost disappointed to find three little boys assembled, rather than the

expected one.

First, he walked around and talked a bit with each one, saving the smallest for last. Todd, 11, and Michael, nine and a half, had both come in that morning. Michael had a virus, which he had caught from Todd. They were best friends, so at least they had each other.

Richie had already been in the hospital for two weeks and though he seemed to be in high spirits, Nurse Baker informed Ed that his visit was eagerly awaited and anticipated. He showed all the enthusiasm of an eight-year-old, and more. He was utterly thrilled with Ed's miraculous feats of magic. While the other two boys, who seemed immensely bored, applauded politely, Richie nodded emphatically and beckoned to Ed.

Richie questioned Ed breathlessly about his tricks, then abruptly broke off. He peered up at Ed and asked demurely, "Do you think maybe I could be your helper when I get outta here?" His childish eagerness and hopeful countenance charmed Ed so, that all he could do was nod his head in assent and giggle gleefully like the youngster before him.

When his laughter subsided, he replied, "Of course. You'll have your very own title: Magician's Assistant. How's that?"

Seeing the trace of a smile still lurking around the corners of Ed's mouth, Richie said accusingly, "Aww, you're just sayin' that!"

"No, I'm not!" Ed said sincerely. "Listen, I really mean it. Honest."

"Well, will you promise to come see me again?" He still sounded a little skeptical. "I get operated o tomorrow and I can go home i two weeks."

"I'll come visit you in a fe days," Ed promised.

He exited from the room con tentedly, thinking, "I'm beginnin to look forward to having him as a aide. It sure was worth my time t make that one kid so happy. Tha one kid . . ."

The next day the fun of Chris mas became another memory as E sat in the kitchen pondering th new book of magic he'd gotte from his three sisters. The rest o the family was in the living roo removing the tree ornaments an picking up wrapping paper fro the floor.

The phone rang and Ed, beir the closest, picked up the receive angry at being distracted. But th voices from the living room fade as his mind focused on the slo stream of words coming over th phone.

"Yes, this is Ed Brevington . what? . . . no, you must be making mistake because I . . . oh, I see, th morning . . . well, thanks for callin . . ."

He let his hand go limp an phone fell into his lap.

His mother came in to see wh was on the phone. She stopped the sight of Ed. He sat uncompr hendingly, not moving. A feelin of imminent disaster rose up her. "My God, what's wrong?" sh dared to inquire.

"I'm finished," he murmure He seemed to be sobbing witho tears. "No more magic. It's just

crock anyway."

"What are you talking about? Who was that?"

"Magic doesn't work." A tear finally ran down his cheek. He looked up without really seeing anything. "That one kid that one kid . . ." □

TALKING TO ME
PHOTOGRAPH
KLAUS KOCHER

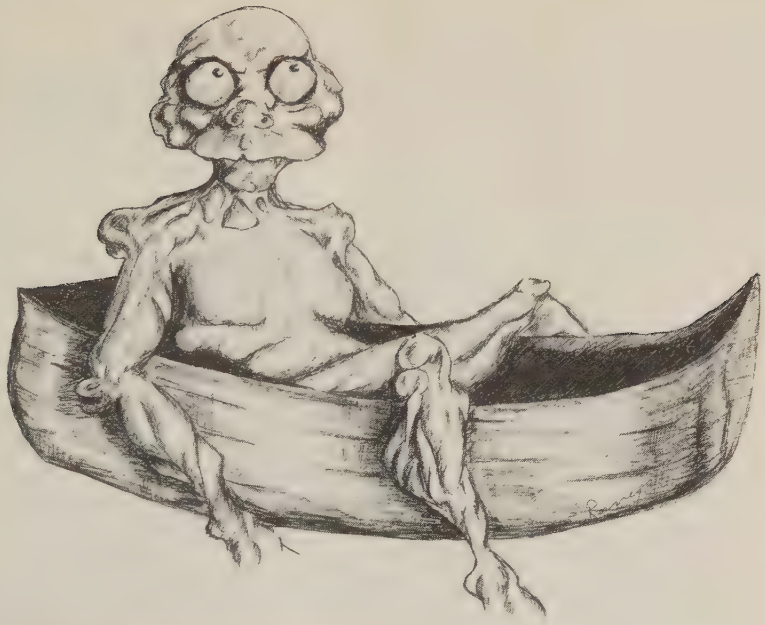
THE SCIENTIST
DEBBIE GILBERT

I count my days
In Beta rays;
In microscopes;
And fallen hopes.

The endless tests;
The endless mess;
Little white mice;
Cakes of dry ice.

All this, so one day I can say
"I've done it! I've found a better way!"

UNTITLED PHOTOGRAPH
DAVID STRELNECK

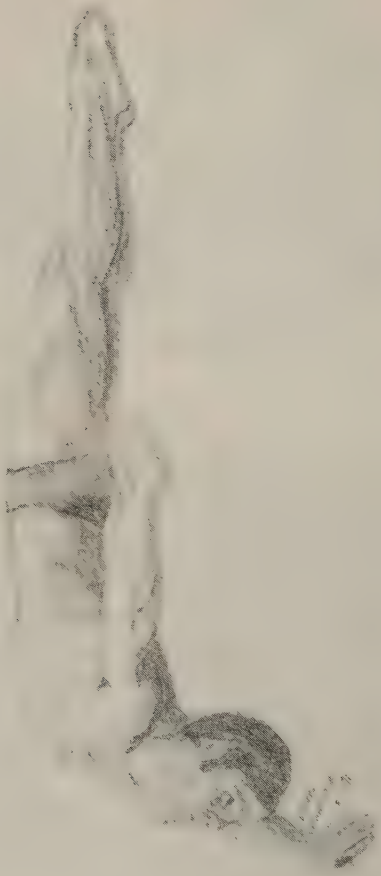


GOLLUM AND THE RIDDLES
BALLPOINT PEN
RUSSELL RANEY

TOES
KIM CARLSTROM

My toes are very ugly,
they even look deformed,
And when I see them naked,
I do wish they weren't born.
Why can't they be like fingers,
the ones upon your hand,
Those skinny little filangies,
that are essential in headstands.
Oh why they were not born, with
beauty, poise and grace,
The ugliest part of the body,
our toes are a disgrace.

AIRBORNE
PENCIL
DEEDRA HUMISTON



PAPER CUP
TRICIA HODGE

The sun was about to leave and had gathered the clouds in an array of pink and blue streamers. It was barefoot weather and swimming weather and sleeping out on the island weather. The ripples on the water were slow and lazy and bounced back quietly after hitting the boat. I sat at the bow, my bare feet up on the railing. I was listening to mellow music and watching the summer earth colors glow for instants, and then fade.

"Susan, could you give me a hand?"

I got up and walked alongside the boat to find Dad trying to lower the small motorboat into the water. "I know this is our vacation together but I promised the Morgans I would meet them at six for cocktails and I, well . . ."

"Don't worry Dad, I understand. Really, it'll be kind of neat to be out on the boat by myself!"

Dad looked up and winked as I grabbed the crank and started turning, letting the boat slip down slowly into the water. I waved good-bye as he glided away and stayed until the monotonous tone of the motor slowly faded out.

Across the bay was a large schooner full of people. The voices of a disco group carried far past our boat and probably as far as the sun. I noticed a grill at the back of their boat. Smoke swirled in the air. They were roasting huge cuts of beef. A bag of trash was dumped overboard and I cursed them.

Later in the evening stars began to shine through a dark blue sky that slowly darkened to night black. Two guys from the other boat began drunkenly riding around in a rowboat. They came to our boat and spotted me, trying to hide behind the canvas sail. I could see their faces through the darkness.

"Come to the party!" one of them yelled. "Hey, you can't just stand there all night. We have steaks and everything you could want—plenty of Bacardi! Come on

over, we're your friends ain't we Paul?!" One of the guys punched the other heavy drunk one in the arm and they paddled away. "You just don't know how to have fun!" he yelled.

The sky quieted and shone speckled with stars. A paper cup drifted far ahead, shining in the moonlight. It bumped against a buoy awhile and then bounced back to drift out onto the open water.

I got up, took an apple from the nearby basket, grabbed a blanket and moved to the front of the boat to look at the moon.

SOCIAL STANDARDS
PATRICIA L. BLACK

The distance
between you
and me:
a foot and a half
of etiquette
plus
a few inches of
old-fashioned shyness.

ALCÁZAR CASTLE
PENCIL
ALAN WHITE

EXAM WEEK
TERESA SQUIRES

This is the week I've dreaded all year;
Final exam week is unfortunately here.

I walk around, my mind in sad states;
My head full of definitions, terms, and dates.

I wake up on Monday, and it all begins;
My stomach turns over, my eyeballs spin.

Biology, geometry, not to mention Home Ec.;
To typing and English I make my trek.

Each class so demanding, each teacher on guard;
The rooms very quiet, the tests very hard.

But, at last it is Friday, I can look back and sigh;
I gave them my all, my 'ole college try.'

My room is a shambles; I can't see the floor.
Shoes and dirty socks make up the decor.

I've let everything go; I've not made my bed,
In hopes of wringing one last fact from my head.

I stoop down to pick up my clothes, and I smile.
I can finally relax, if for only a while.

EVERYDAY LIFE
PHOTOGRAPH
CINDY WITTI

OLD MAN
CHALK
SCOTT MACK

MEMORIES OF A GRANDFATHER
CARMEN PONCE

Looking back in time
I can picture him clearly,
Sitting in his wheelchair.

Though he had no legs
This man was whole.

The lazy, breezy afternoons on the high front porch
Just him and me.
He in his wheelchair
Me on his lap
Daydreaming for hours.

The secure feeling when he was near
A feeling I've never again experienced.
A feeling I get only when I think of him.

I called him Belli
Don't ask why.
A silly little nickname a granddaughter gives
her grandfather.

I was four,
He was gone,
But not completely.

He left something behind for me,
Warm memories,
Fond memories,
Memories of love.

DWANE'S TRAIN
PENCIL
CONNIE JO COFFEY

UNTITLED
JANE ROBINETTE

never ending
rolling forever
and a day
the cows and
houses
are scattered
as a small child
scatters
toys
green, yellow,
brown, rust,
this beautiful landscape
these Iowa hills.

THE BABY DOLL
JULIE YOUSE

The Baby Doll

whose curls are gone
and cheeks have faded

smiles shyly
as she sits

at the bottom
of a dusty toybox

waiting to be
discovered

by curious grandchildren
who've come to play.

A LESSON IN LOVE
LAURA WROCKLAGE

Would you believe me if I told you
that when I loved you
I was only testing my wings
to see if I could fly
But now I need to love for more reasons
than just the sake of learning to love
What can I say to you
my cast-off teacher
how cruel I am!
I'm sorry I'm sorry

FAMILY GROUP
CLAY SCULPTURE
BECKY SUE LEWIS

REFLECTIONS
FELT TIP PEN
LAURIE MICHEL

TO EMILY DICKINSON
MATTHEW GOULISH

I sometimes wonder as I read
In thoughtful reverie—
Your poems of birds and bumblebees
And immortality—

If somehow, had our times been changed,
And you'd been younger yet—
If I were older than I am—
And somehow we had met,

And if upon your mat I'd knelt,
Could I have cracked your shell?
Could we have loved the Wild Nights?
Could you have been my Belle?

Would we have spoken harmony
And poetry discussed?
And rather than to stop for you—
Would death have stopped for us?

LET'S JUST REST A WHILE
PHOTOGRAPH
GEORGIA SUE HALL

BUS RIDE
LEXI MORNELL

As the bus came to the next stop, Claire drew her attention from the crowded sidewalk to the black woman who boarded. Wearing a starched white jumper and thick glasses, she came down the center aisle gripping the overhead bar with what seemed to be all of her strength. Claire smiled as she approached, and the woman, as if

in gratitude, sat down beside her. An old man in baggy trousers followed, taking the empty seat directly behind them.

Claire looked around, wondering why strangers sitting together would never talk, as if the others didn't exist. The thought troubled her for a moment, but the lady on her left had turned to address her, her voice ringing on a high-pitched note.

"Do you know what time it is?"

Claire raised her wrist so the woman could read her watch.

"Could you tell me please? My eyes are bad."

"Ten to eleven."

"Thank you, thank you very much. You know, my eyes are getting worse. Those doctors at the Health Clinic don't know what they're doin'. I think I'm getting glaucoma."

"How do you know?" Claire wondered about the woman's diagnosis. The old man behind them leaned forward. She could smell the tabacco on his breath.

"Well, like, I look at things—take you for instance, and I see not quite two of you—but almost. In a few hours it goes away; but you know, with my job, I just can't afford to have this kind of condition. I'm a cashier at the Veteran's Administration, and when I make all these mistakes, my boss gets mad, and even though no one'll come out an' say it—I think they want to fire me."

"Boy," Claire managed to slip in. She felt badly for the woman.

"The doctor gave me these three months ago, and either I'm goin' blind, or they're just not strong enough." Removing her glasses, she began to clean the lenses with the corner of her jumper.

"I know what you mean about those doctors. Our family belongs to the clinic and I never get one I can trust. I hate waiting in all those lines and filling out all those forms."

The woman put her glasses back in place. "You know, my Momma's a nurse there, been there since '67. Momma's worried 'bout me now 'cause she says I'm by myself too much, which I guess is true. I don't have any friends."

Claire stared at her sneakers.

"What's your name?"

"Melanie," Claire lied. Once the word had left her lips, she wondered why she hadn't told the truth.

"Melanie," the woman repeated. "That's an awfully pretty name. I think Momma would like it."

"Great," Claire thought, trying to picture the mother of this woman nodding in approval. Again the smell of tobacco touched her nostrils. She wished that the man behind them would change seats.

"Melanie? Would you be my friend?"

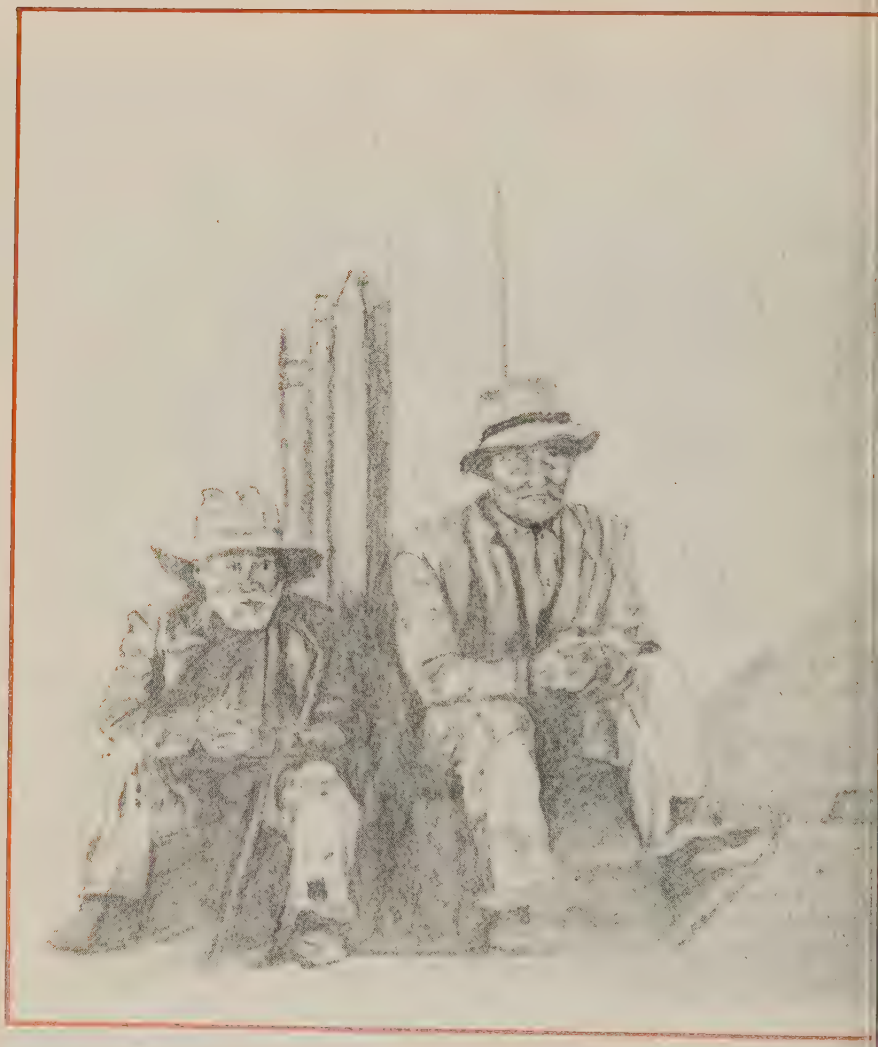
Claire's eyes snapped up to meet the woman's stare.

"Sure—what's your name?"

"Rita. Rita Ashley."

"Rita's a nice name, too."

"You can come over to my house and meet Momma, and you can bring your girlfriends, and we can go swimming in the pool at our apartment building, but you'll

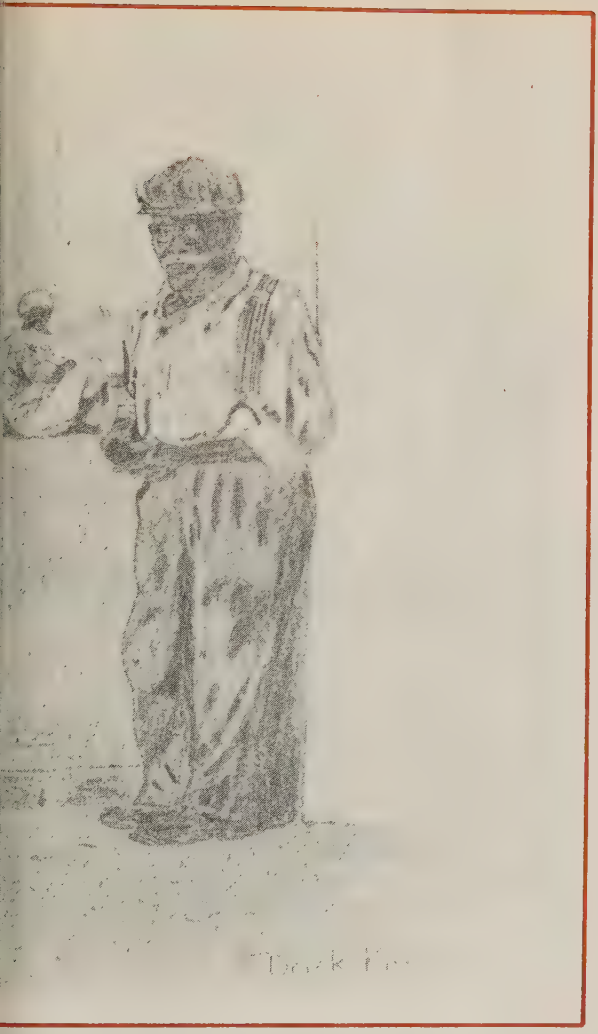


have to teach me how to swim 'cause I never had a chance to learn."

"Well," Claire hesitated. "O.K."

Rita fumbled through her glossy white purse, extracted a pen an ripped the corner from an enve lope.

"Here. Write down your phon number and I'll call you thi



CREAM TOUGH
PENCIL
DEREK KNAUSS

weekend. Is this weekend a good time for you?"

"Well—fine." Claire began to write out her phone number, thought twice, and wrote the last four digits incorrectly. Rita repeated the number as she returned the pen to her purse and tucked the paper inside her wallet.

"Thank you. Thank you so

much! You've really brightened my day, when I think how badly it started out."

The bus rolled to another stop. "Veteran's Administration!" the driver hollered.

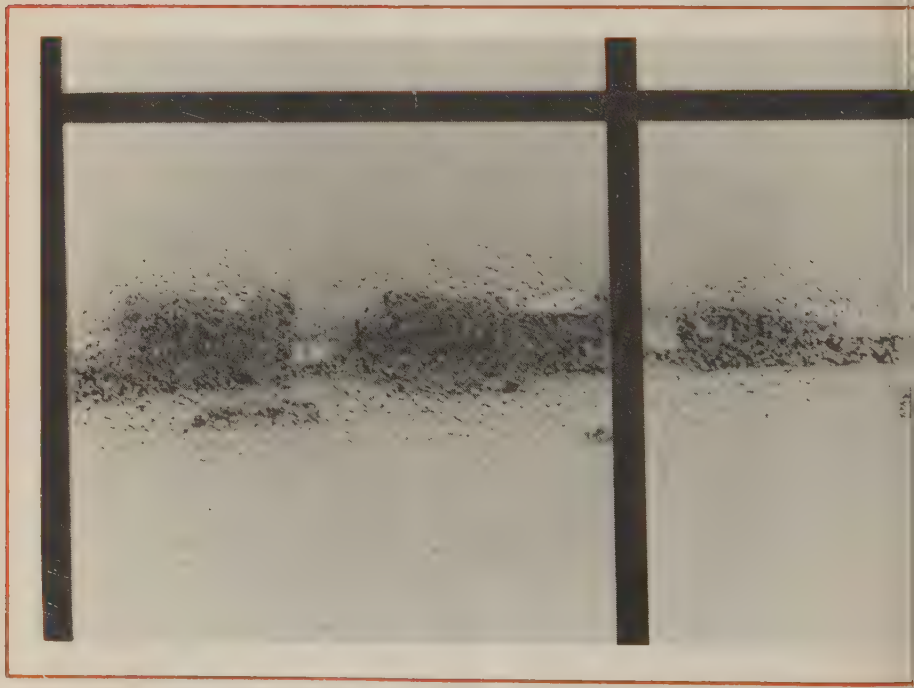
"Well, I've gotta get off here," Rita said as she stood up, "but I'll be seeing you this weekend."

"Yeah," Claire said. "Take care."

Rita stepped carefully to the curb, the old man right behind her. As the bus pulled away, she stood on the sidewalk, waving violentl

Claire sat with her eyes fixe straight ahead. She felt hollow an detached. Outside, the current c shoppers held no interest for he Individual faces had merged to gether.

Moments later, when the bu pulled to a stop and an old woma came teetering down the aisle, sh looked away, pretending not t notice.

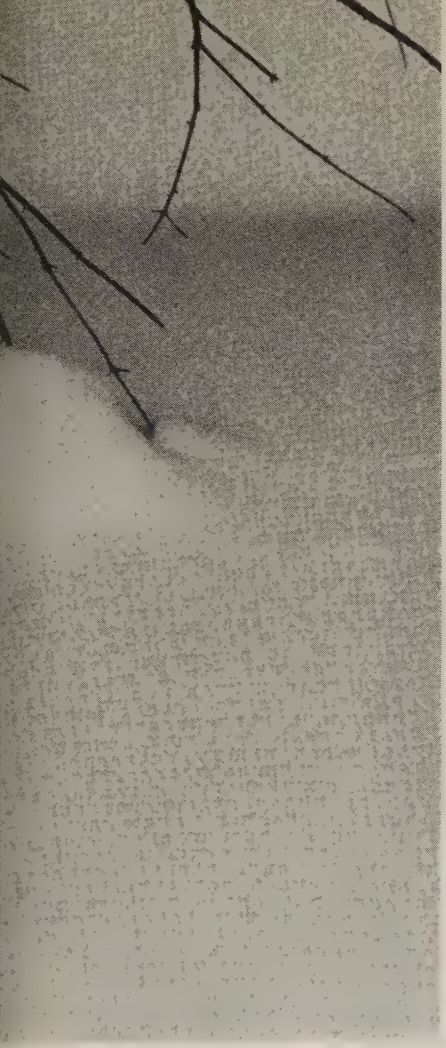


SNOWBOUND
PHOTOGRAPH
FRITZ HEIRICH

CITIZENSHEEP

EMMANUEL EVERHEART III

When I was young and quiet,
Some old men
Who had fought wars for our
country
In someone else's
Gave me an award of merit.
It was a citizenship award.
I was a good citizen of our land
(For a fourth-grader, anyway)
Because I understood
At an early age
What it means to be
A good citizen.
I worked hard
And kept silent,
Never questioning my place—a
good citizen.
My silence was assent.
Then I realized
That the old men were good
citizens, too,
And for exactly the same
reasons.
That is why they fought the wars
And founded a fraternity to
remember
The fellowship.
They reward others
Afflicted with their blind
virtues.
I (and those like myself)
Was their excuse,
It seems,
Their rationalization for the
hideous,
Yet justified,
Blunder
Of killing strangers
On command.
I still work hard,
But not for the same things;
And I question
Every aspect of my existence
And relationships.
Sometimes, I ask enough
Questions that others begin to
think,
And perhaps question their
own
Values and beliefs
Until they get embarrassed,
Of course,
Or someone explains
"The way things really are."
Needless to say,
The citizenship awards have
Stopped
Coming in.



DRIFTS
PHOTOGRAPH
CAROL ROBINSON

UNTITLED
AVERY BERDIT

Why is it the little things that one can seldom see
Are the things so often contemplated in your memory?

UNTITLED
PEN AND INK
JILL M. WALZ

STOPPING BY THE T.V. ON A WEEKDAY AFTERNOON (A PARODY)

JEFFREY HANSEN

Whose baby is this, I do not know,
That was the opening line to yesterday's show.
It was dramatic, yet also quite sad,
The story was good, but the acting was bad.

We know Bob is Jim's illegitimate son,
But Jim's wife didn't know he had one.
Jack's mother got married to Bill's brother-in-law,
Whose wife got killed by a haywire see-saw.

Jill's in the hospital with an incurable disease,
Her husband ran off to sail the high seas.
Doctor James gave her only two days to be alive,
But she'll last a few years, so the show can survive.

Doc James is having a malpractice suit,
They say he'll lose a bundle of loot.
Mary is pregnant, she's having a kid,
But the father is Bill, not her husband Sid.

Bob is in trouble, real, real deep,
It seems he robbed a jewelry store in his sleep.
This is what happened just 24 hours ago,
Do me a favor, don't miss tomorrow's show,
Please! please don't miss tomorrow's show!

UNTITLED PHOTOGRAPH
DENISE POWELL

RETHPONTHIBILITIETH AND OBLIGASHUNTH
LYNN OTAGURO

immy sat in the plush blue grass nd shouted with joy when he saw ne bubbles that Ripples, the great ed hippo, blew in the large pool of parkling orange soda. The bub-les floated up above the pool and ver the blue grass until they hung ight above Timmy's head. Run-ing and jumping about, he tried o catch the brilliant orange bub-les, but they started flying higher nd higher until they were high bove the giant Purplewood trees; nd so, Timmy watched them nstead, with great delight shining rom his large brown eyes.

Finally, after a long while of just dmiring his beautiful surround-ngs once more, Timmy called out o his hardworking hippo friend. Rippleth! Rippleth! Pleathe blow nome blue bubbleth!"

Ripples looked up in the direc-on of the high cajoling voice and, nally becoming aware of his pale ttle friend, grinned and blew immy a welcome of bright circles ne color of soft peacock feathers. Ripples then returned diligently to his usual task of blowing orange bubbles.

Timmy gazed at his industrious friend wistfully. He'd been hoping that Ripples could have played chase-master or follow-the-leader between the giant Purplewood trees. He knew, though, that Ripples' bubbles were important; for without them the orange soda pool would have no fizz, and all the little children would have to drink milk ALL the time. Thinking about this concernedly, he decided not to bother Ripples and to look, instead, for the Grape Ape and ask the Grape Ape to play with him. Timmy knew all about "rethponthibilitieth"; and he knew that everyone "had to keep their obligashunth." He understood *all* about those things, but he still frowned a bit when he saw Ripples' beautiful world of colorful fun disappearing . . .

"Timmy! TIMMY! Stop blowing those bubbles in your orange

soda! It's absolutely DISGUSTING!"

Timmy lifted his head, and taking the bitten-up red and white straw out of his orange soda, he focused on the standing woman towering in front of him. She stared past him with tired gray eyes.

"Huh? Oh. I'm thorry, Mommy," Timmy mumbled, staring down at the worn blue rug. He sat silently for awhile. Then lifting his head again, with his sweetest smile on his small, pinched face and a bright note of hope in his voice, he asked, "Mommy, pleathe. Pleathe can we go to the zoo today?"

The mother gazed at her son, his brown eyes pleading. Eyes of a unique hazel-brown . . . eyes exactly like his father's . . .

His father. The man who'd driven off, left town to escape the responsibilities a family had brought him. He'd abandoned them, leaving only the twenty-four dollars that was saved for Timmy's "future college fund" and a stack of yellowing, unpaid bills.

She looked down at the tarnished silver ring on her chapped left hand and her eyes took on a hurt, bitter look.

Ha. Love. To think I'd left law school; my great aspiration to fight for justice for all, to marry him. Justice! He promised me love and laughter and left me with a job at a greasy, little restaurant and a baby to raise . . .

"Mommy?" Timmy's whole face was a picture of childish hope as he looked at her expectantly.

"Why," she whispered, "Timmy's not a baby anymore. It's no
too late. I could go to night schoo
. . . no, I mean college—during the
day, and get a night shift at work
The lady down the street could
babysit Timmy! . . . I can do it . . .
CAN! . . ."

Timmy let out a cough and she
looked down at him once more
Her glance shifted around the
small crowded kitchen, to the
shabby brown-blue rug under his
chair, then to the faded purple-
striped curtains, the outdated red
refrigerator, and she remembered
her boss, fat and sweating and
demanding. He'd never let her off
He was already angry for the few
days she'd stayed home to nurse
Timmy out of the pneumonia two
weeks ago. Another day would get
her fired for sure . . .

"I can't . . . I . . . I CAN'T . . . I . .
You know I can't change my
schedule . . . er . . . and take you to
the zoo!"

Timmy's smile faded and disappeared, and he slowly inched the
red and white straw back into the
half-full glass of orange soda.

"I'm . . . I'm MUCH too busy
You KNOW that if I don't work, we
DON'T eat! I have RESPONSIBILI
TIES! I have OBLIGATIONS! . . ."

"Yeah, I know," Timmy whispered, and he started to blow air
into the straw in his glass. He knew
all about rethponthibilitieth and
obligashunth, and he just hoped
that Ripples would be finished
with the bubble-blowing, so that
he could ask the hippo where the
Grape Ape was, and they could
ALL go romping around in the
Purplewood tree forest.

LOLLIPOP SUMMERS
SUSAN HOUGH

balloons, scraped knees,
and lollipop summers,
where do they go?
they do not die,
but rather we
pass them by in our haste,
only to discover
they cannot be reclaimed.
the little fingers
and big hearts
that hold them now
are willing to share,
it is we who
lock ourselves out.

INTERVIEW
HOLYNN HSU

Into black and white
He laid my life,
Eight and a half by eleven.
He had me
Trapped on file
With numbers, rumors,
And perhaps a few gypsy tea leaves.
In polished oak reflections
I could see
I barely filled the blank spaces
With his frowning marks
And circled type
Which best described
_____ me _____.

UNTITLED
PHOTOGRAPH
PAUL BEVERIDG

BULL MASTIFF
PEN AND INK
PAUL NEUHAUS

ERY BERDIT, 18
umbia, MD
itled
el any source of creativity,
ther it be by pen or brush,
erges from one's heart. To me
king at things as from my heart
mply digging a little deeper
n the surface. It gives me a
nce to see things in a different
spective than most.

JL BEVERIDGE, 17
scow, ID
itled

RICIA L. BLACK, 17
aso, TX
cial Standards"
ever hope to get out of my
ative work is the satisfaction of
wing that someone else in this
ld has thought the same
ught I have. The only difference
ween us is that I have
orded it. Whether this process
ecording incidents is intricate
ugh to be called creativity, I
't know. Nevertheless, I feel the
d to do it, and here are the
ults.

RY BERDIT

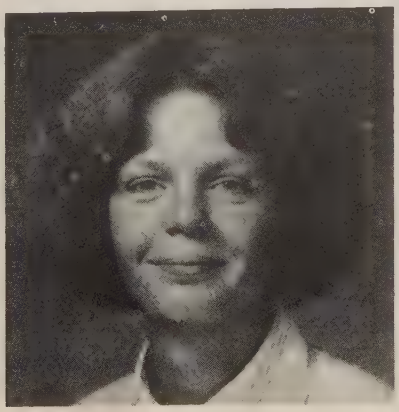
23
KIM CARLSTROM, 17
Joliet, IL
"Toes"
I began to write in my spare time when I was about 14 years old. I used this "hobby" as an emotional outlet to express certain times which had an intense effect on me, or when I learned something new, I would elaborate on the subject in order to understand it more clearly.

32
CONNIE JO COFFEY, 17
Maysville, KY
"Dwane's Train"
Since it is often quite hard for me to express myself through words, I have found within myself another means of letting the me inside of me come to the surface. Through drawing and painting I can let my spirit run free. I also realize that I can only do this with the help of God, who first placed the ability within me. I will not waste my precious gift.

13
HEATHER DICKSON, 17
Bethel Park, PA
"Fadeless Canadian Tan"

HEATHER DICKSON

CONNIE JO COFFEY



KIM CARLSTROM

KEVIN EATON

5
KEVIN EATON, 18
South Royalton, VT
"Brother Jim"
As a photographer I try to capture everyday scenes in a unique way, freezing a fraction of a second of history forever.

43
EMMANUEL EVERHEART III, 19
Arlington, TX
"Citizensheep"

7
SARA FORDEN, 17
Potomac, MD
"Market Day"

15
ANGELA FUNK, 13
Chicago, IL
"Driving In"
Everyone enjoys expressing his or her own ideas. That's why I enjoy taking pictures. But most of all I like action pictures, especially those which capture an exciting moment.

3
CARY L. GETCHELL, 17
Old Lyme, CT
"The Castle"
I have been interested in art s grade school and enjoy illustra subjects such as science fict space and fantasy. I would lik write a story doing the illustrat myself in hopes of having it published. I have been accepte the Lyme Academy of Fine A upon graduation.

12
TONY GHERGES, 16
Fairview Park, OH
"Trees"
My interest in art is very phenomenal. It consists of dea with an atmosphere of phanta try to recognize nicety in my The purpose is to show integ and realism in applying my spe techniques to my work.

22
DEBBIE GILBERT, 16
Memphis, TN
"The Scientist"
I believe that if I could not wr would cease to live. To me, it necessity as vital as breathin When I write, the curtains of soul are opened, allowing othe peek in. How I pity people wh lack the power to express themselves! They have eyes b they cannot see. I feel very lu that God has given me this ab and I shall never lose sight of i take it for granted.

EMMANUEL EVERHEART III

ANGELA FUNK

SARA FORDEN

CARY L. GETCHELL

DEBBIE GILBERT

6
ATTHEW GOULISH, 18
ves Junction, MI
o Emily Dickinson"
is said that all people are
tracted to certain different art
rms, either to create or to
serve, for inborn reasons.
hatever the art form, I believe it
ovides a vital means of
mmunication among people and
eates a highland of the mind
which all who care to may
plore and maybe find one
nother. Emily Dickinson said a
iter's work is a lantern to light a
th, but I say it may create the
th itself.

8
EORGIA SUE HALL, 18
niondale, NY
et's Just Rest A While"
is past school year was my first
al experience working with a
mera and photographic
uipment. My instructor made me
ware of the concentration and
eativity that goes into each
notograph. I now find
notography a necessary and
joyable outlet and hope to
ntinue expanding my
owledge and techniques.

6
EFFREY HANSEN, 17
helps, WI
topping By The T.V. On A
eekday Afternoon"
reativity rids us of the dull, boring
e because it gives it variety
d flavor; creativity in my
nse is lunacy, because I like to
ow the zany, the comical side of
ings. I started writing in the
ghth grade, and have enjoyed it
er since. My writings are
rodies, not to mock the
iginals, but to show my
preciation. Somehow their
riousness and my lunacy make a
ce combination.

8
BILL "SUBIL" HARDY
Landover Knolls, MD
"Jungle With Superimposed Elf Swamp"
Making my thoughts, reasons and emotions understandable to other people has always been a rather important thing to me. Even if they don't see what I do in the same image, it gives a point of reference to work from. Showing these images to people is more than communication for me, though. It's a lot of fun for me to lose myself in a world of my creation.

42
FRITZ HEIRICH, 16
Lebanon, OH
"Snowbound"
In my opinion, photography is my favorite form of creativity. Creativity is the variance given to humankind which sets it above all other creatures. Creativity can only be manifested in beauty and nature. I believe that although nature sometimes is terrible, it can only be, and will always be beautiful.

FRITZ HEIRICH

JEFFREY HANSEN

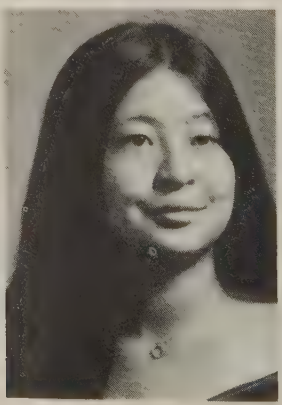
BILL "SUBIL" HARDY

EW GOULISH

GEORGIA SUE HALL

THOMAS HESS

DEEDRA HUMISTON



HOLYNN HSU

RUTH HUNTER

64
THOMAS HESS, 16
Lombard, IL
"Soul Searching"
Photography to me is my eye on the world. Many people don't see the beauty of things around us, even though they might be common objects. Through photography I try to show these things. I can even show emotion or warmth depending on how you interpret the image. Photography is my way of expressing myself. Maybe my pictures show a little of what I am or what I value.

25
TRICIA HODGE, 17
Potomac, MD
"Paper Cup"

51
SUSAN HOUGH, 16
Tenafly, NJ
"Lollipop Summers"

52
HOLYNN HSU, 17
Timmonium, MD
"Interview"
As a child I sat by the sea, buildi castles, sifting a million grains sand through my fingers to forr the fantasies, loves and tears of child. Passersby thought they we joyous child's play; others saw ju a child in the sand; others saw themselves like tiny grains of sa gathered from the beach and joined with others to form the wonders of life. Now I am older a build mind castles.

24
DEEDRA HUMISTON, 15
Arkansas City, KS
"Airborne"
Art has really become an importa part of my life. It's one of the be ways there is of expressing myse It makes me feel good when something I've drawn pleases m but it's really a great feeling wh someone else thinks I've done a good job. I hope to continue m work in art and possibly make a career out of it.

7
RUTH HUNTER, 17
Honolulu, HI
Untitled
Creativity and writing are things that have always been important me. They are true expressions one's thoughts and they help to bring one closer to his or her ov feelings and beliefs, whether sh or he is writing poetry, short stori or essays. It is because of this that I wish to pursue the art writing: to keep myself aware of t world surrounding me and responsive to the people in it.

0

EREK KNAUSS, 19
pringtown, PA
Cream Tough"
guess I am lucky because
rawing just seems to come
aturally for me. I never took a
rawing course other than my
equired junior high school art
lass. I enjoy drawing old people
hose expressions immediately
nake you sympathize with them,
nd then realize their feelings. A
encil drawing seems to give a
icture something natural that a
ainting or water color does not
adiate.

1

LAUS KOCHER, 16
lexico
Talking to Me"

4

A-SYN LEE, 17
olumbus, OH
The Eyes Have It"
ach of us views the world through
different window. The artist
as taken special care of his glass,
eeping it clear and unobstructed,
xpressing and interpreting his
cene in unique ways. In viewing,
stening to, and reading an
rtist's work, we, the audience, are
iven a glimpse of someone else's
pecial reality and an insight into
ur own hearts.

5

ECKY SUE LEWIS, 18
ndianapolis, IN
Family Group"
have been working with arts and
rafts as long as I can remember.
urrently, I am attending Purdue
niversity, working towards an art
ajor. I would like to improve my
rt abilities so that I may someday
arn my living working
ndependently.

EK KNAUSS

30

SCOTT MACK, 17
Spencerville, OH
"Old Man"
I've been interested in art for quite a few years. Art gives me a chance to create things and put my thoughts into visible objects. I think everyone can be creative in his or her own way.

37

LAURIE MICHEL, 14
West Seneca, NY
"Reflections"
I have always enjoyed artwork since it has become something that I have been able to do quite well. I first started drawing in eighth grade, when I was encouraged by an art teacher. I have been drawing since then because it is fun and gives me a chance to express myself through my drawings.

YA-SYN LEE

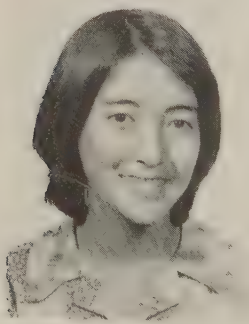
LAURIE MICHEL

SCOTT MACK

BECKY SUE LEWIS

LEXI MORNELL

PAUL NEUHAUS

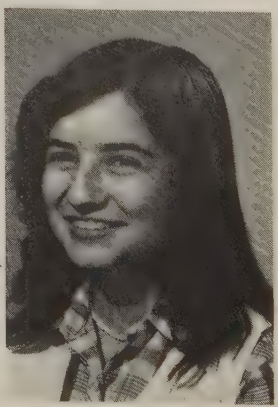


LYNN OTAGURO

38
LEXI MORNELL, 16
Potomac, MD
"Bus Ride"
Writing the story "Bus Ride" was a very spontaneous thing. The story was a true incident in my life, and I had to find some way to overcome the depression I felt after it happened. When I sat down and began to write, the feelings just poured forth from my mind. I guess that's why I love to write—it puts me at peace with myself.

54
PAUL NEUHAUS, 17
Lemon Grove, CA
"Bull Mastiff"
When I am drawing, painting or doing anything creative, I can work for hours without any awareness of time. Art is my favorite source of entertainment. To me, creating a piece of art requires 100 per cent of my attention. The best part of drawing and painting is studying and admiring my work when I have completed it.

49
LYNN OTAGURO, 17
Honolulu, HI
"Rethpomhibilitieth and Obligashunth"
I enjoy writing. It's an exciting way in which I can express my feelings and thoughts. Often, I find writing difficult, but it's also fun!



DENISE POWELL

31
CARMEN PONCE, 17
Dothan, AL
"Memories of a Grandfather"

48
DENISE POWELL, 15
Riverside, CA
Untitled
My father started me in photography. He does it as a hobby. He is teaching me all it, including how to develop print my own pictures. I wou to photograph sunsets, flow and other scenery. I also en music, sewing and tennis.

23
RUSSELL RANEY, 17
Indianapolis, IN
"Gollum and the Riddles"

32
JANE ROBINETTE, 17
Urbandale, IA
Untitled
I often tell people I write bette I talk. Writing my thoughts c much easier to me than talki mainly use the written word t own peace of mind rather th other people; at least right n helps to sort out feelings an unclutter my mind, which ve often needs uncluttering!

JANE ROBINETTE

14
CAROL ROBINSON, 15
ambler, PA
Drifts"
have always tried to express
nyself through my artwork and
hotography, for I feel it is life's
reatest means of expression. And
f someone stops and looks at
omething that I have done, and
nderstands the message or
eeling which I was trying to
onvey, then that is when I feel as if
ny work has been successful.

16
LOUISE RUNTZ, 19
Springfield, MO
Fingerbet"
Everyone should be encouraged to
xpress themselves through an art
hey enjoy. Painting, graphics, and
hotography have been my means
of expression so far. I feel talent
nd creativity are different. Talent
s innate; but creativity is an
ndividual matter—it is YOU, and
when you are being creative, you
are on guard against anyone who
s trying to invade and copy your
ndividuality.

CHERE' EVON SCHAEFFER, 16
owa Falls, IA
Night Moves"
Art is an expression of creative
magination combined with skill. In
ny own mind, my art and writing
re expressions of a private soul
nd heart. My work is like catching
a thought inside myself and
utting it free in a song. For me,
here is no greater friend than the
eauty of a silent snowfall or an
nfant's grasping hand. That is art
nd beauty in its own form.

L ROBINSON

LOUISE RUNTZ

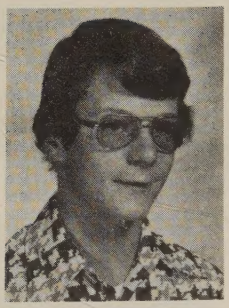
19
DONNA SILVERMAN, 18
Plantation, FL
"The Magician"
I have experimented with creative writing since elementary school, and am a published poet. I believe that writing is probably the most relaxing and satisfying form of self-expression; it also is the most beneficial because of the many insights it provides into human nature. I hope to eventually publish a volume of poetry and short fiction. I am attending Eckerd College, St. Petersburg, FL.

28
TERESA SQUIRES, 16
Kamiah, ID
"Exam Week"
Writing is my way of expressing good and bad feelings. I like to write while I'm in a definite mood because exactly what I feel comes out on paper. To me, written thoughts are more concrete than those just in the mind. Seeing them down on paper helps me sort out ideas and clears my mind for new ones. Words can mean so much more if they're arranged in the right way. I try to remember this when I'm doing creative writing.

TERESA SQUIRES

DONNA SILVERMAN

CHERE' EVON SCHAEFFER



WILLIAM C. STEINROCK

18

WILLIAM C. STEINROCK, 17
Silverdale, PA
"Rings"
The reason why I entered photos of gymnastics and cabinetmaking is because the two fields are so very similar. Gymnastics takes a self-conscious mind and hands; that also goes for cabinetmaking.

22

DAVID STRELNECK, 13
Lee Vining, CA
Untitled
I first became interested in photography when I was about six years old and I sent in 250 bubble gum wrappers for a plastic camera. Now I have two instamatics, a Polaroid and a 35 mm. Nikon camera. I enjoy developing and printing photographs as well as taking them.

14

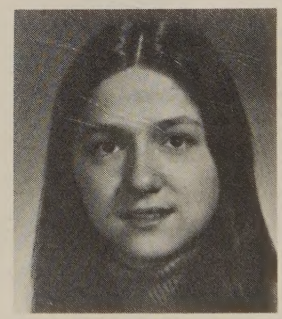
DARLA TROUTMAN, 17
Orwigsburg, PA
Untitled
I began writing short verse whe was seven years old; and since then, through teacher and fami encouragement, I have develop and practiced my writing as much as possible. I intend to continue to do so. In my opinio creativity is not a trait a person outgrows, but a definite inheren talent, ability, and asset with limitless power and possibilities nourished.

47

JILL M. WALZ, 19
Quincy, IL
Untitled
The human body is the most versatile and unique medium through which I can express the happy feelings I have about life a those I love. Using variations of t human form in fantastical illustration is one way I can pas my pleasure and joy on to othe

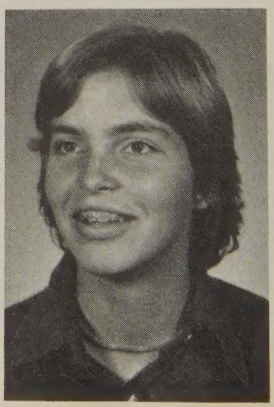
27

ALAN WHITE, 17
Osceola, IA
"Alcazar Castle"
First off, I'll say that I am a senior Clarke Community High Schoo but was a junior when I entered n drawings in your contest. I have been interested in drawing sinc was six years old. I really becam interested in art as a field of work which I started doing portraits as junior in high school. I like portraiture drawing but feel I mu become a more creative person be able to do anything in commercial art.

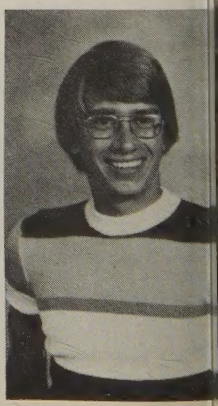


DARLA TROUTMAN

DAVID STRELNECK



JILL M. WALZ



ALAN WHITE

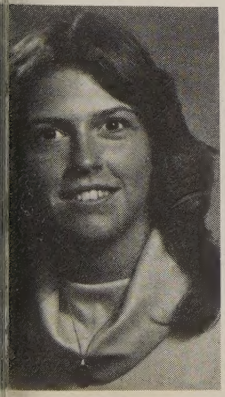
29

CINDY WITTIG, 17
Bethel Park, PA
"Everyday Life"
I first got interested in photography by taking the class in school. Now I have my own darkroom and I am still expanding my knowledge about the field. Everything in nature has an appealing quality which attracts my attention. Through photography I am capturing this quality and showing it to the rest of the world. Each photograph is conveying a special message for people to interpret for themselves.

34

LAURA WROCKLAGE, 18
Duffield, OH
"A Lesson In Love"
I think writing, either in the form of a story or a poem is the best way to reflect upon a personal life experience. Not only does it help you to analyze your own feelings and growth, but in this way you can share it with others. It is surprising, but also comforting to discover that others can identify with the feelings you have expressed in a poem. It makes you realize how universal human experience is.

MARTY YOHN, 16
Hancroft, WI
"Pencil Portrait"
Drawing is one of my favorite things to do. I enjoy portraits and landscapes, working best with pencil or ink as a medium. I feel a drawing or painting is influenced by the artist's mood and feelings when he is doing it. That is one point about art—you can express your feelings and imagination to the fullest limits.



CINDY WITTIG

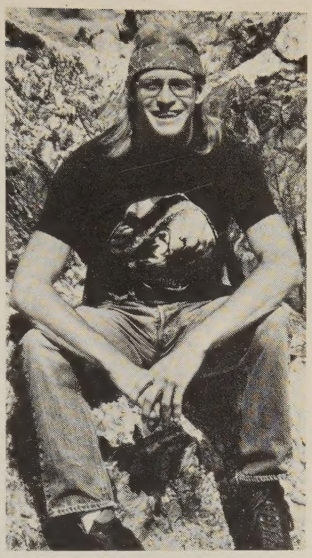
34

JULIE YOUSE, 17
Hannibal, MO
"The Baby Doll"
My creative work began in kindergarten when I drew a picture of my seven-member family, and the teacher displayed it for open house. The one person who did not appreciate my artwork was my mother whom I had pictured in nightgown and hair curlers! As I progressed through school, I was encouraged by my teachers to enter prose and poetry contests and art exhibits. As I enter college, I am positive that my love of writing and art will help me in many areas in the future—appreciation of others' talents, my creation of beauty for others to enjoy, and the association of friends while preparing group fine arts projects.

11

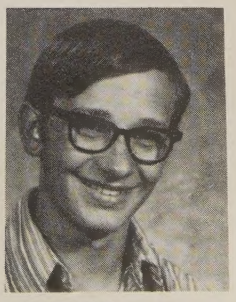
BOB ZITLAU, JR., 19
Phoenix, AZ
"Tiger Mine"
To make a good picture you must enjoy photography more than anything else. I try to show more than just an image of something; it must be the essence of it. You must see like a camera—one dimension.

LAURA WROCKLAGE



BOB ZITLAU JR.

JULIE YOUSE



MARTY YOHN

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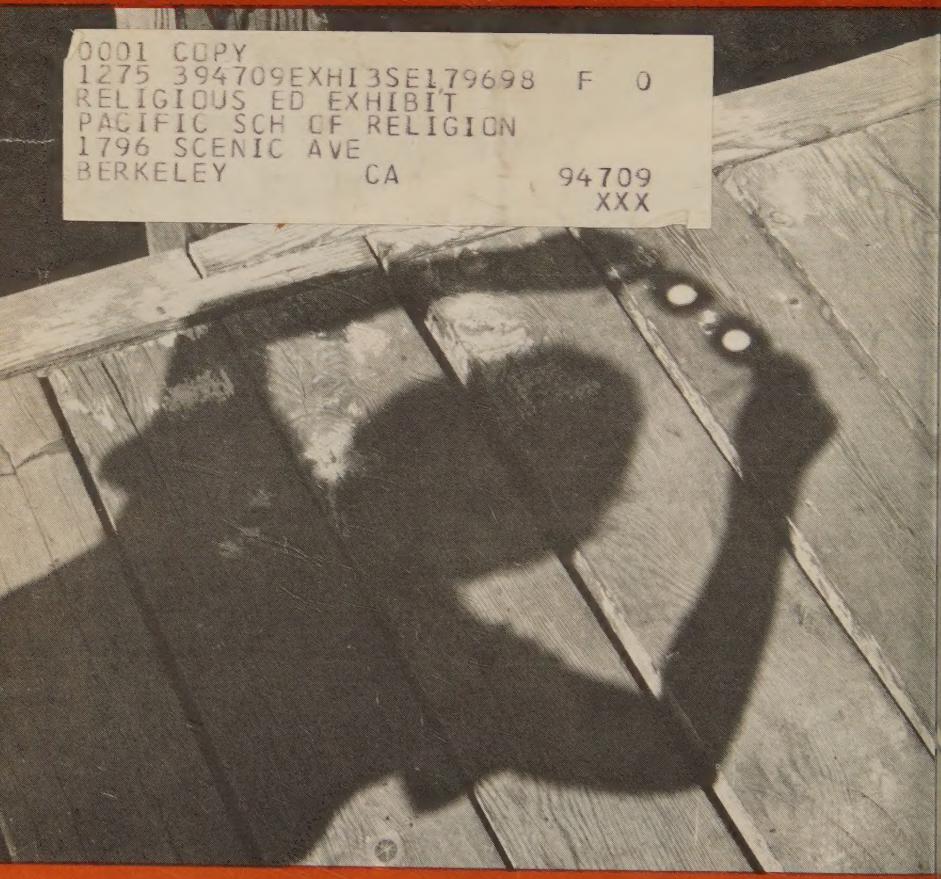

SOUL SEARCHING
PHOTOGRAPH
THOMAS HESS